

Squire Bickerstaffe's *E L E G Y* on the much-lamented Death of
John Dolben, *Esq*; Manager in Chief against Dr. Sacheverell.

WEEP, all you *Schismatics*, since he is gone,
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Corner-Stone;
Republick Schemes no longer hand about;
For Death, in all your Shapes, will find you out.

Cannot the *M--n--g--rs*, then, rest at Ease,
But the grim Tyrant must disturb *their* Peace?
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before,
Where *Dolben's* gone, and so will many more.
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,
He finds his lov'd *Resistance* is in vain;
Passive-Obedience then he courts too late,
For Death's Coercive Pow'r has seal'd his Fate.
Thus, who 'gainst *Right Divine* most warmly strive,
Only for publick Instances of Justice live;
Till Providence, prepar'd to shew her Pow'r,
Cuts off the Boaster in a thoughtless Hour:
For, he that his first Principles do's quit,
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.
A Churchman's Son, that basely can resign,
For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows Divine,
Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;
For that wou'd be a Crime in *any* Pow'r to give.
His sacred Sire wou'd be asham'd to see
A Son of his contend 'gainst Royalty;
Much more to see him pull the Mitre down,
And trample on the Honour of the Crown.
From such a Father, rarely is it known,
Was e'er produc'd so false and base a Son;
False to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;
False to his Friend, and false in ev'ry Cause.
The treach'rous Arts in Gaming first he lov'd,
Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;
From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,
And into *Christian* modell'd them anew:
Now for a *St--sm--n* he was well equipp'd,
Of Honour, Conscience, and Religion stripp'd;
The Church, and Churchmen, were a daily Jest,
And his Diversion *Roasting of a Priest*:
But the sweet Sawce that most regal'd his Taste,
Was, a fat Pension, that he gain'd at last.
Weep then, ye friendly *Whigs*, his sudden Fall,
But first repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;
E're you the Fruits of Persecution see,
And all th' Effects of Passive Loyalty;
E're all true Churchmen have address'd the Throne,
And Duty from Disloyalty be known,
The Mitre flourishing beneath the Crown.

E P I T A P H.

Here lies a Member both of Church and State,
Who yet from Neither did receive his Fate;
But making about Both a mighty Pother,
Death nick'd him, in a Trice, like a false Brother,
Nor gave him Time to say, Forgive me, Mother!
Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,
Lest for your Conscience you too dearly pay.